

Strikingly Beautiful.
Spreading rapidly through the Western papers, under the credit to the Literary Society, is a domestic story in the very latest style of American humor, as the appended extract shows:

A NEW CASABIANCA.

The man looked at his boy proudly, sternly, sorrowfully. He had looked into his father's face, sadly, earnestly, heroically. It was a living testimony no artist could reproduce. "Bully," said the father, gravely. "I took you to see the things." "And left you to say to the things." "Yes, sir," replied the boy, gazing out through the window at the flicker, as it hatched down

the gatepost, and finally dropped into the grass with a shrill chirp. "And you didn't watch the pigs?" "O-o-o!" roared George, "Oh, no, I was down on my hands and knees, looking at the apple tree and fall in the garden. Mr. 'o-uh-er, and up from the jacket of the lad, like income from an altar, rose a cloud of dust, mingled with the nap of jeans. Down in the young clover of the meadows the hawk and the sparrow sang cheerily, the goats and fies danced up and down in the sunshine the fresh, soft leaves of the vines rustled, and all was merry indeed. Billy's eyes turned up towards the face of his father in a pining agony, but still with a shudder he turned away. The air, fall ing steadily and mercilessly on his shoulders. And alone the cry came

of the river the willows shook their shiny fingers at the lifting fog, and the voice of children going by to school smote the sweet May wind. "Oh, pap, I'll not forget the jigs any more!" "Spect you won't neither." The wind, with a sudden puff, lifted into the room a shower of white bloom petals from a sweet apple tree, letting them fall gracefully upon the patchwork quilt. The ploughman whistled plaintively in a distant field. "Outhel! Crackles! Oh, pap, pap!" "Shut your mouth, I'll spit you to the backbone." How many delightful places in the woods, how many cool spots beside the murmuring river, would have been more pleasant to Billy than the place he then occupied. "Oh

"Me on, me!" yelled the lad. Still the dust rose and danced in the slanting jet of sunlight that fell across the room, and the girl, with her bare cheeks and hair flying, sang for joy over her choice places. At the time during the falling of the rod the girlquit washing, and thrusting her head into the kitchen sink, in a subdued tone, "My land, you'll Bill gites!" an awful one!" "You're mighty right," replied the mother solemnly. Along towards the last Mr. Coulter tiptoed at every stroke. The switch actually screamed through the air as it fell. Billy danced. "Now go sir," cried the man tossing the fringed stamp of the lad's head. "You know, you now, and time next time you water your nines." And while the water rured

out a catarrh of melody from the locket, he went. Poor boy that was a terrible thrashing, and to make it worse it had been promised to him the evening before, so that he had been dreading it and shivering over it all night. Now as he walked through the breakfast room, his sister looked at him in a commiserating way, but on his going to the door she could not catch the eye of his mother. Finally he stood in the free, open air in front of the saddle closet. It was just then a speckled rooster on the barn yard fence flopped his wings and crowed vociferously. A turkey cock was strutting upon the grass by the old cherry tree. Bill opened the door of the closet. "A boy's will is

the winds will, and the thoughts of the youth are long, long thoughts." Billy peeped into the closet, and then he peeped into the door, and those who were in the room knew that no-thing was near. At length, coming a pleasant lull in the morning wind, and while the low, tenderly mellow flow of the river was distinctly audible, and the song of the fish increased in volume, and the bleating of new lambs in the meadow died in the fluttering echoes under the barn, and while the fragrance of apple-blossoms grew fainter, and while the sun, now flaming just above the eastern tree tops, launched a shower over him from head to foot, he looked under his jacket behind his back, and he saw, with an ineffable smile, the yellow tapers of coal. Then, as he yawned, he took out a coin.

ly from the grass, Billy walked off, whistling the air of the t once popular ballad:

"Oh, give me back my fifteen cents.

English Girls.

As a rule, women in English society are remarkably natural—negatively natural, I mean. English girls are particularly simple and unassuming. They are innocent of all effort to impress or astonish! As all womankind does and should do they make themselves as pretty as they can; but as to personal superiorities, their educators do not lay enough stress upon such things to make them ambitious to excel in that way. All young ladies are taught, or sin made of deportment, which is a

The chief precept of the code, whether inculcated openly or by the silent feeling of society, is that each young lady must do as the rest. That "young English girl," who is theme of the novelists and the magazine bards and artists, easily merits all the adulation she receives. Does not all the world know, is it not almost an impertinence to say, that for dignity, modesty, propriety, sense, and certain self-sufficiency she has hardly her equal anywhere? But the British nation is taught that submission to the stage is not a desirable thing. The moral and propriety which accompany this state of mind are not particularly admirable.

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